

Charlotte Robinson, this year's graduate of the School of Organic Education, spent a delightful vacation in California, climbing the Sierras, visiting Yosemite National Park and hiking in the Mariposa Sequoia Grove. I could write volumes about the beauty of these spots, says she. Charlotte is a NFF vet and is attending the Black Mountain Colledge in N.C. Charlotte is from St. Francisville, La.

Captain Tony Brunse, Int. Houser and a former dancer with Beliauj's groups, who traveled on various battle fronts as a psychiatrist doctor, came into Chicago for a two day vacation and stayed at International House. He also visited the Folk Dancers Nook (1028 E. 63rd St.) and spent a delightful evening doing Kolos, Horras and other folk dances. Jimmy Carroll, another folk dancer who has been away from it since the outbreak of the war, also dropped in on a surprise visit doing his first bit of folk dancing in dog's ages.

Mordy Arnold of Fairhope, Ala., who was a Marine Staff Sergeant in the Pacific theatre, terminated his vacation that began with his discharge this spring, and signed up to attend the state Teachers College in Troy, Alabama . . . Jane Levine, Phys. Ed. instructress at the A & M College in Stillwell, Okla., spent her summer in Colorado at the Cheyenne Mountain School where she studied Western and American Square dances with the noted Llyod Shaw.

Sonia Pipiras, Lith co-ed from International House, spent the month of September in Toronto, Canada, training the young Lithuanians the dances of Lietuva which were well received. She reported that she was entertained royally and that Toronto is a beautiful city . . . Alex Spear, LYS member, spent his summer in South Haven, Mich. He reports he had a very fine summer. Now, he entered into business for himself. He bought a newspaper agency. Good luck, Al.

Mary Popovich, Ukrainian folk dance instructress from Cleveland, Ohio, spent her summer with the Ukrainians in Winnipeg, Canada, and had one grand time. She met the foremost of the Ukrainian dancers, Mr. Avramenko and also participated in the presentation of a very successful Ukrainian festival. At present, Mary is attending Kent College . . . Mrs. Frances Smith (Smithy) pianist of Northwestern U. Settlement House, enjoyed two weeks at Twin Lakes, Wisconsin.

AS FOR MYSELF

Tho my full time teaching did not begin till October, I nevertheless have had a quite hectic and busy period. However, Eddie McNeil, who is now teaching at the U. of Ill., chauffeured me to cover more ground and we also managed to see several movies; Henry V, The Spector of the Rose, and Caesar and Cleopatra. The first two were exceptionally good; while the last, even tho it written by George Bernard Shaw and was in technicolor, it . . . well, perhaps I don't understand the great GBS.

I was given a two page write-up by the Rev. Father Joseph Prunskis, JCL, which appeared in the Lithuanian Catholic paper "Darbininkas" (The Laborer) published in Boston, Mass. It commenced with a front page double column and was continued and entirely covered page five. It sure was some spread. Let me modestly admit that I was snowed under.

Much of my free time (and I saw to it that I had the time) was spent with Lil and Kazy and the new baby. She is a cute little tyke with perfect features and limbs, and is doing well for herself. She already passed the niene pound mark and will probably be ten pounds during the first week of October when she should have been born. — Pasimatysim Vyts-Fin

FOLK DANCERS NOOK

TRIO SCHOTTISCHES

V. F. Beliajus

The Polka did not originate in Poland, but in Czechia; the Frenth popularized it. The Varsoviene may be the "Dance of Warsaw" but it was never danced in Warsaw nor anywhere in Poland. It originated in Paris; the Scandinavians and Americans popularized it. Pas D'Españ may be the "Dance of Spain" but it is unknown there; the East Europeans, particularly Russians, dance it. Perhaps the same holds true of the Schottische, it may be the "dance of the Scotts" but only Teutons, Scandinavians and those who are of Anglo-Saxon culture popularized it dance it to this very day.

The ordinary Schottische hardly needs description; it is known among all folk dancers, particularly American. But very few, if any, have ever done a Schottische in trios. This form is especially handy when, as is often the case, there are too many girls and not enough men to go around. A trio Schottische works out fine.

I.

Formation: one boy and two girls on each side of him.

Boy exchanges place with girl to right (boy starts with R foot, girls with left) going back of girl, both using a step-together-step-swing step. (Boy steps R to right, L near R foot, R to right, swing L foot in front of R—opposite feet for girl). 1 measure. Meanwhile, girl to left does a Schottische step in place.

Now reverse the same step and each one goes back to their places with boy passing in front of girl, as single girl does another Schottische step in place. Boy and girl to right join hands in a dance position moving forward with four step-hop steps making two full turns; while single girl turn by herself keeping pace with the couple with four step-hop steps. 2 Measures. Now the same figure is repeated with the girl to the left. Boy strts with his L foot and girl with her R when starting to exchange places.

II.

Formation; boy's hands joined with girls' inside hands.

Do two Schottische steps forward all starting with R foot (Step-together-step-hop, repeat), 2 measures. Girl goes under the arch formed by boy and the girl to left, and around the boy to her place with four step-hop steps, everyone else does the step in place. 2 measures. Do two more Schottische steps forward and now the girl to the left goes under the arch formed by the boy and girl to the right. 4 measures.

Many such figures can be created of taken from existing couple Schottisches and Rheinlander figures, and fitted to any Schottische tune, which are very abundant.

AN INVITATION TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF FINE ARTS

Stephanie Novicky

I

The main similarity between philosophy and art is that every person has an invitation to join in. Both are open to all, for we are all created with imaginations and minds. On these grounds are based some of the greatest pleasures in being human.

It is good to ask questions once in awhile, even about things with which we are thoroughly familiar, for we change. As we grow, and we must grow mentally and

aesthetically if we are to keep our personalities alive; we should admit the change. Nature has control of our bodies, and she keeps remolding them with time. We have control of our minds, and if we are to follow a natural line in living, we must remold them with time.

I say this mainly because I am young, and I must admit that my knowledge of what I will discuss is very small. I have only begun to think about the fine arts, and yet this has so fascinated me, that I would like to share my conclusions with you. I know that because these are young thoughts, they will be much altered by the future, so please do not accept what I say as my firm belief.

Thinking, according to an old scientific formula, involves hypothesis, analysis and conclusion. We have something before us which we want to prove true or untrue, we examine it carefully, and then we decide.

There are different types of thinking — three most common are day-dreaming, making decisions and creative thinking. We all day dream and we all have to make decision, but creative thinking takes a mature mind plus a lot of imagination of which only a few are capable.

In my articles I do not wish to imply that all of my ideas are original. There is nothing really original in a human being except that trait in personality which makes him an individual. I can't define it; it's too delicately hidden in the make-up of a person. But ideas and thoughts which fall into the minds of men usually fall the minds of other men. We are continually passing thoughts along, and when they reach a mind capable of incorporating that trait of individuality, they grow. Every now and then they reach a great mind, and they flourish. Then we lesser beings get back what we have given, only in a richer form, and we find a happiness and an extension of our own developments.

A word about happiness in regard to art and philosophy. Some people don't care to spend time with these because there is no material gain. Yet it must be admitted that many of our happiest moments have no material attachment. Beauties of nature, love, a conversation with some friend — the intangibles give soul to life. They give to man a third dimension, taking him out of himself and putting him on the plane of universals and eternity. He is not longer a span of a lifetime, but is part of forever.

We are not all sharply defined individuals, yet we are individuals. Our experiences differ, and so our perspectives on an one subject differ. We are all potential artists; we are all potential philosophers. And so I shall close with an invitation to let your thoughts join mine in meditating on the fine arts.

(To be continued)

Folk Dance Books by V. F. Beliajus

Dance And Be Merry, Vol. I \$1.50
Dance And Be Merry, Vol. II \$2.00

"TEENY"

Jeanette Waitches

Baby, my gray kitten, is cute, sweet and almost loveable, but — I say almost, because somehow she will never fill the gap Teeney left when the finger of death pined her way. Teeney was not tiny. In height you perhaps might have called our toy shepherd dog that; but when the matter of size came in view, she was the winner of the heavy weight trophy. Not even one who feared animals could help loving her. When she lay beside me I

would think how completely alone dogs were in this world. Even with her soft nose lying contentedly on her reddish-brown paws, I would wonder if she were truly happy with us. I'd want to love her, and then would hesitate, feeling she might give me one look telling me I was foolish. With her span of years drawing to an end, she seemed so much a part of us that we spurned even the thought of her having to leave. Before we knew what had happened, shae was gone. Death had finally snuffed the breath away from her tiny nose.

People all comment on the cuteness of Baby, and we agree; but we look at her, a roly-poly of a thing, and wonder! Can she guess how ridiculous she looks to us compared to our Teeney?

DIVINE INSPIRATION IN MISSISSIPPI

("And a little child shall lead them".)

V. F. Beliajus

The bus rolled southward through Central Mississippi (Sept. 10, 1942). Through the window I admired the rolling countryside—I thought it very beautiful. But the hovels of the people who live in this part of the country were neither picturesque or even pastoral they were like painful thorns. Painful to realize that in the richest land on the world people live in shacks not even primitive, but outrightly shameful.

While ruminating, a lad of 17, dressed in overalls and a lunch box in his hand, sat down beside me—on his way to work in a defense plant. His expression showed him to be of those live-wire, smart fellows. Sure enough, no sooner than seated, he opened up a series of inquiries. "Where was I traveling? Where was I from? What did I do? Why was I going South?" It was inquisitorial but I was agreeable and he soon knew all about me. Upon learning that I taught and without finding out what I might teach, he asked if I might not instruct him in the Bible. (Perhaps he thought he was smart enough to absorb the entire book in the half hour trip). Next, proudly he informed me that he was a Baptist preacher, but greatly regretted his lack of knowledge of the Bible.

I was somewhat surprised and asked, "Do not Baptist preachers have to receive some training in order to be informed concerning the essentials of the Bible?"

"No" he responded; "as soon as you hear God's call and feel divine inspiration, that's the cue that God wants you to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ."

"But"—I tried to decide what question to ask first. "How can you preach to your congregation if you are not even acquainted with the Bible?"

"That's my reason for asking you to teach it to me," He said, with an air as if he won a point in an argument against me, and continued. "Meanwhile I receive divine inspiration. God tells me what to say when I'm in front of the congregation."

I tried to picture to myself the divine communication of so august a personage as God, to this character—as instructions were imparted to him for the sermon of the day. I was further amazed when I also discovered that he had not even graduated from a grammar school! Out of curiosity I asked; "Is your congregation large?"

"Not very—I go to several churches. One has a membership of thirty and an other over sixty. Parishoners all come from distant farms, and with the present travel difficulties there is a drop in attendance."

"But what do you preach to them?"

"Oh—about God, the devil and hell. Even regarding these important matters these people hardly know any—